

Classified

"Maybe"

Visit "[Maybe](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro - Classified - talking]

Hey, let me spit something
Just give me that flute beat
Yeah, give me that one
Uh, yeah

[Verse 1 - Classified]

All I need's a flute beat and two sheets of loose leaf to
move me
A two piece on Toony Tuesday and I'm groovy
Never needed much but papers and a few trees
To get the song flowin like the blue sea
Yeah I smoke doobies with groupies, whose breath
smelled like blue cheese or sushi
Jeez, give me a few feet please
I could have these floozies naked like a nude beach
And I don't need to slip 'em any roofies (shit is too
easy)
Huh, I ain't into cougars, Judge Judy
I'm truly unique, too young to "Love Lucy"
Raised on the Goonies and Bruce Lee movies
My defense is excellent, no one's gettin to me
I'm callin the shots, QB like Doug Flutie
I'm reckless, unruly, respect this you newbie
From the East coast, reppin Scotians and Newfies
I keep it fresh like the ocean and cool breeze

[Chorus - Brother Ali]

Maybe it's just me
I keep, movin this pen like it'll set me free
Best believe, I'm a flow on endlessly, let it be
I feel the love every breath I breathe, yes indeed

[Break - scratched samples - w/ ad libs]

"Give it to 'em, show you, it's hot"
"Watch ya blow up, block up your box"
"Wait-Wait-Wait to hear a slammin track"
"By popular demand, I'm back"

[Verse 2 - Classified]

Uh, now every shirt that's in my closet got vomit
Chocolate and baby food on it and none of it comes out

when I wash it
So now you think I give a damn what I'm rockin?
I don't wear this Cincinnati hat 'cause I watch 'em
You don't need to worry what I do, what I think
when your girl gets around/a round like she just bought
us drinks
You got your own problems, back to the basics
There's no touchin me like I just ejaculated
Nope, I don't say "no homo"
I don't need to reinsure myself like I crashed up the
Volvo

I only like pussy, sorry to be blunt but I got to make it
clear
When my tongue is in your - ear (ya ear)
I lock it down like Shawshank
I love writin rhymes but hate when I draw blanks
I feel like I'm repeatin myself, I'm overworked
And about to go berserk if I don't get this off my
shoulders first

[Break - scratched samples - w/ ad libs]
"I think I ought to tell you, better get warned"
"Th-Th-There's no need for alarmin, 'cause right now"
"On the microphone"
"The elements are airborne, I smell the success"

"Get busy on 'em"
"And my word is bond"
"Th-Th-There's no need for alarmin, 'cause right now"
"On the microphone"
"What you need to do is smell the success"

[Verse 3 - Brother Ali]
You know me, I'm a '70's baby, yet '80's boy
I never had no love for the swings or playin with toys
I was on the mic doin my thing, just makin some noise
I don't need to read no magazine, I'm straight from
The Source
You know I always had a dream, one day I'd step on
stage and the ladies all scream like David Lee Roth
Teenager in the '90's, things are changin all around me
You can hate me if you want but I escaped, you got to
find me
Hit the Minneapol', I had my whole city baffled
Soon as they see you advancin, then they all want to
attack you
Rhymesayers massive, we built us a little castle
Eyedea won every battle, we should've built him a
statue
Every single week we slayed, anywhere we seen a

stage

Even with the weak DJ, we rapped over every beat they
played

Chewin 'em up, spittin 'em out, you never seen nobody
this devout

We just want to spit and shout, they literally would kick
us out

the spot, two o'clock when they closed off

We took it to the block, ears throbbin, our throats soar

Hit the bus stop because we still got to flow more

Frozen cold blocks, swear to God we were so raw, oh
Lord

[Chorus - w/ ad libs]

[Outro - scratched samples]

"Give it to 'em, show you, it's hot"

"Watch ya blow up, block up your box"

"Feelin satisfaction, from the crowd reaction"

Visit [Classified](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.